

Advantages of a Legal Education.

The globular and florid old gentleman, as he sat down at the table, pulled a dollar bill out of his pocket, deliberately tore it in two, handed one piece to the waiter, replaced the other in his pocket, and said: "Waiter, if I am satisfied you get the other half. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," replied that functionary, and became as assiduous as a mother with her first child. But for some inexplicable reason the old gentleman grew more and more dissatisfied as his meal progressed until, as he rose from the table, he simply scowled angrily at the expectant waiter.

"Excuse me, sir, but," the waiter insinuated, obsequiously.

"Now," snarled the old fellow in reply.

"Oh, yes, I think you will," observed the waiter, his backbone visibly stiffening.

"Don't you be impudent, young man," advised the old fellow threateningly.

"Don't you be a chump," advised the waiter contemptuously.

"Why, why, wh-ah!" screamed the old fellow, swelling like an enraged turkey cock. "I'll-I'll report you for your insolence, you—your villain!"

"I don't think you will," retorted the waiter calmly and firmly. "Come, hand over the other half of this bill. I need a dollar for the opera to-night."

"Explain yourself, you rascal," demanded the old fellow, a great and portentous calm enveloping him. "Now, what does this mean?"

"It means that at this moment you are a law breaker, a criminal, sir," replied the waiter suavely. "Mutilating the currency is a crime, and you have mutilated a dollar bill. Therefore, unless I get the dollar, you'll get arrested. See?"

As the waiter pocketed the other half he gaily hummed:

"When I was a lad
I served a term
As an office boy
To an attorney's firm."

A Fool.

"You were born the first of April!"
Said her husband, in a stew,
And she answered, smiling sweetly:
"Guess that's why I married you!"

At Graduation Time.

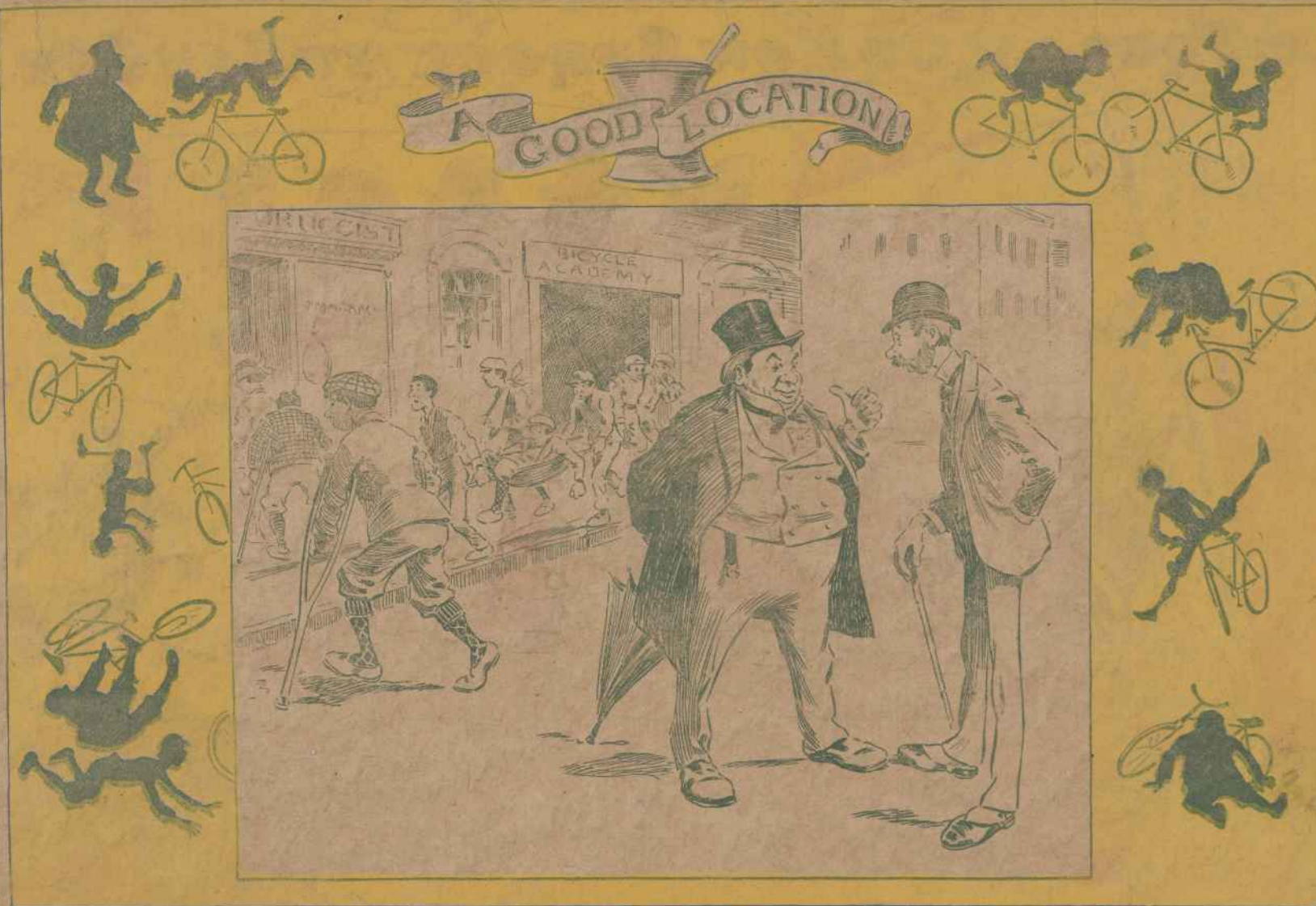
HE—Who gets the honors of the class this year?
SHE—That stupid Ida Gotrox. Her gown cost \$200.

SHE WANTED TO SEE.



MRS. SUGARTRUST—Hortense, how dare you look at the stage without your lorgnette! Use it at once!

DAUGHTER—Oh, maw, please just once! I want to see what's going on.



Needed a Rest.

"Elijah, my dear brethren," said the preacher, "did not die by any lingering disease. He was elevated on high in an instant in a receptacle prepared for that purpose, and disappeared from mortal sight in the twinkling of an eye."

Just then a sad looking man on the back seat rose up and tipped out of the door. One of the deacons caught him as he was going down the steps and said:

"Why are you leaving, sir? Feeling bad?"

"A little," said the sad looking man. "You see, I write jokes for the papers, and I came to church to get my mind off of such matters, and it kind of made me tired to hear that old folding bed joke sprung on me the first thing."

Proved.

HE—They are not in my set.

SHE—No, I understand they move in good society.

FRIEND—How is business since you moved?

DRUGGIST—Oh, flourishing.

FRIEND—By the way, where are you located now?

DRUGGIST—Oh, I am next door to the bicycle academy.

So Don't Be a Clam.

The oyster uttered a glad "ha! ha!"
As he lay on his rocky bed;
While his open shell waved a gay "ta. ta!"
As a mermaid past him sped.

For flying down through the ocean vast
From the busy old world afar
Came the news that there had arrived at last
A month that hadn't an "r."

And he laughed again in his gladsome glee,
And shouted with all his might;
And the darkness depths of the restless sea
Re-echoed his wild delight.

But a clam that dwelt near the oyster gay
And heard all those joyous cries,
Just flapped his shell in a listless way
And sighed a few hefty sighs.

"Alas!" he said. "What is it to me
That the r-less months are here
For fishers don't stop for that, you see,
And I'm bait the whole blamed year!"

Billiards.

I had as strange a dream as falls
To lot of man, sweet Mabel,
I dreamt we were two billiard balls,
And rolled upon a table.

Young Master Cupid held the cue,
And I flew when he stroked me
Like arrow straight and true to you—
And off the rascal poked me.

Masses and draws, most gracefully
He made them by the dozen,
Until one kiss there chanced to be—
Instantly you were frozen.

Long Felt Wants.

The man, woman or child who has invented a

shirt with six bosoms has not filled a long felt want by any manner of means. Now, if some one would only invent a sock with six heels in it or even a sock with six toes in it there would be a distinct advance in civilization.

Or if some one would sell a shirt with six buttons for every buttonhole, or a shoe with six soles on it, or a pair of pants with six seats to them, or a steak with six tenderloins, or a turkey with six breasts, or a pocket with six dollars in it, life would almost be worth living.

Conclusive Evidence.

MISS GOLDBONDS—Oh, Ellen, do you think the Duke really sincere in his attention to me?

MISS CEALUS—Why, certainly, Maud. I hear he hasn't got a single dollar in the world.

"My dear Pansy I don't like this idea of filling your boudoir with beer mugs."
"You are mistaken, mamma. Some of them are steins and the rest are tankards."

A Yearly Pilgrimage.

It was the day for the annual journey of the Bascoms. At daylight they started from their Harlem flat—father, mother, two sons and three daughters, carrying with them a complete camping outfit. After crossing the river to Long Island City, they rode ninety-three miles in the train. Then they hired a farmer's wagon, which took them twelve miles further into the interior of the island. The road ended here, so the Bascoms continued their journey over hills and through swamps on foot till night came, when they put up their tents, crept into them and slept. Next morning the journey was continued. At noon the party reached the top of a hill and Bascom uttered a cry of joy.

"I recognize that tree," he cried. "We must be in sight of it."

Lifting his field glasses to his eyes, he levelled them at the great stretch of swamp which began at the bottom of the hill.

"Alas!" he exclaimed, dropping the glasses, "we can't see it. Rain has fallen, and it is covered with water. We must wait till to-morrow."

They camped on the hill till next morning. At sunrise Bascom again brought his glasses to bear on the swamp. This time he was rewarded.

"I see it!" he shouted. "The sheet I hung on the pole last year is waving just above the water. Look, wife! Look, children! There is our corner lot. The pole is just in the middle of it."

There were screams of pleasure, and each took a turn at the glasses. Then Bascom turned to his family and said, in a tone that quivered with emotion: "I bought that suburban corner lot for my little ones. I may never enjoy it, but one day you may have your home here—when the water goes away or when a hill grows up. Then think of me."

Silently, with full hearts, the party started back for the Harlem flat.

Something Always Sure.

Do not give up hope, although
Full may be your cup;
Always on the darkest day
Trousers will turn up.

A Theory.

MISS ELDERLY—How dare you kiss me!
JACK DASH—I give it up. Must have been suffering from temporary aberration of the mind.

KITTY'S EVASION.



HOW RETRIBUTION OVERTOOK THE PRACTICAL JOKERS.



Too Sudden for Him.

JACK DE ROXX—Have you ever noticed that homely men generally marry pretty girls.

MISS PASSEE—Oh, Mr. De Roxx, this is so sudden!

In a Whisper.

CHOLLY SHY—Say, I proposed to a girl last night.

DICK OLDBOY—The deuce you did! What did she say?

CHOLLY SHY—She dud-dud—didn't hear me.

Short on Parents.

GRIGGS—Little Jack there is a Chicago orphan.

BRIGGS—What in the world is a Chicago orphan?

GRIGGS—A child who has only one father and mother.

Too Many Already.

TRAVELLER—I've a great mind to write a book.

BLUNT—If it were greater you wouldn't write it.

An Evasive Answer.

"Darling, if I should die, would you marry again?" she asked.

"If I did it would serve me right, my angel!"

But she is still wondering what he meant.

Suspicion Verified.

LORD DEBROKE—Our patent of nobility dates back five hundred years.

MISS GOLDROX—I thought it must have run out some time ago.

Kindly Reassurance.

MR. MALONE—Who's there?

BURGLAR—Nobody.

MR. MALONE (closing his eyes again)—Alright then, but shure an' Oi t'ought Oi heard some one.

Her Choice.

STELLA—Marie is going to Vassar.

ANNETTE—I had rather go to Columbia.

STELLA—But, dear, that's a college for men.

ANNETTE—I know it.

Barred Out.

"Sorry, but I can't accommodate you," said Satan to the shade of the man who had been cremated. "I haven't any second-hand department in my business."

Literally.

"That last venture of Gabber's has put him in his feet again."

"What's he doing now?"

"He joined a theatrical company."

There, Now!

MRS. GROCAN—Yes, needn't brag! Sure an' once ye yerrill got a dishposess notice.

MRS. BROGAN—Phew! we got ours on Evacuation Day.

He Did.

FIZZ—Did that man I recommended to you make a name for himself?

BIZZ—Yes—in my name. But he made it once too often.

Impossible.

JACK—And did you turn your other cheek toward him?

MACK—No. How could I? He held that down to the ground.

A Pertinent Inquiry.

PAPA—Yes, my son, water sometimes runs so swiftly that no human device can hold it.

TOMMIE—Is that the reason Niagara Falls, papa?

On the Beach.

SNA PSHOT—Are cameras barred on this beach, officer?

OFFICER FOLEY—Only the cathode ray kind, sor.

In Rural Parts.

MOLLY—Did you catch anything while you were fishing with Jack this morning?

MAY—Oh, yes, Jack

